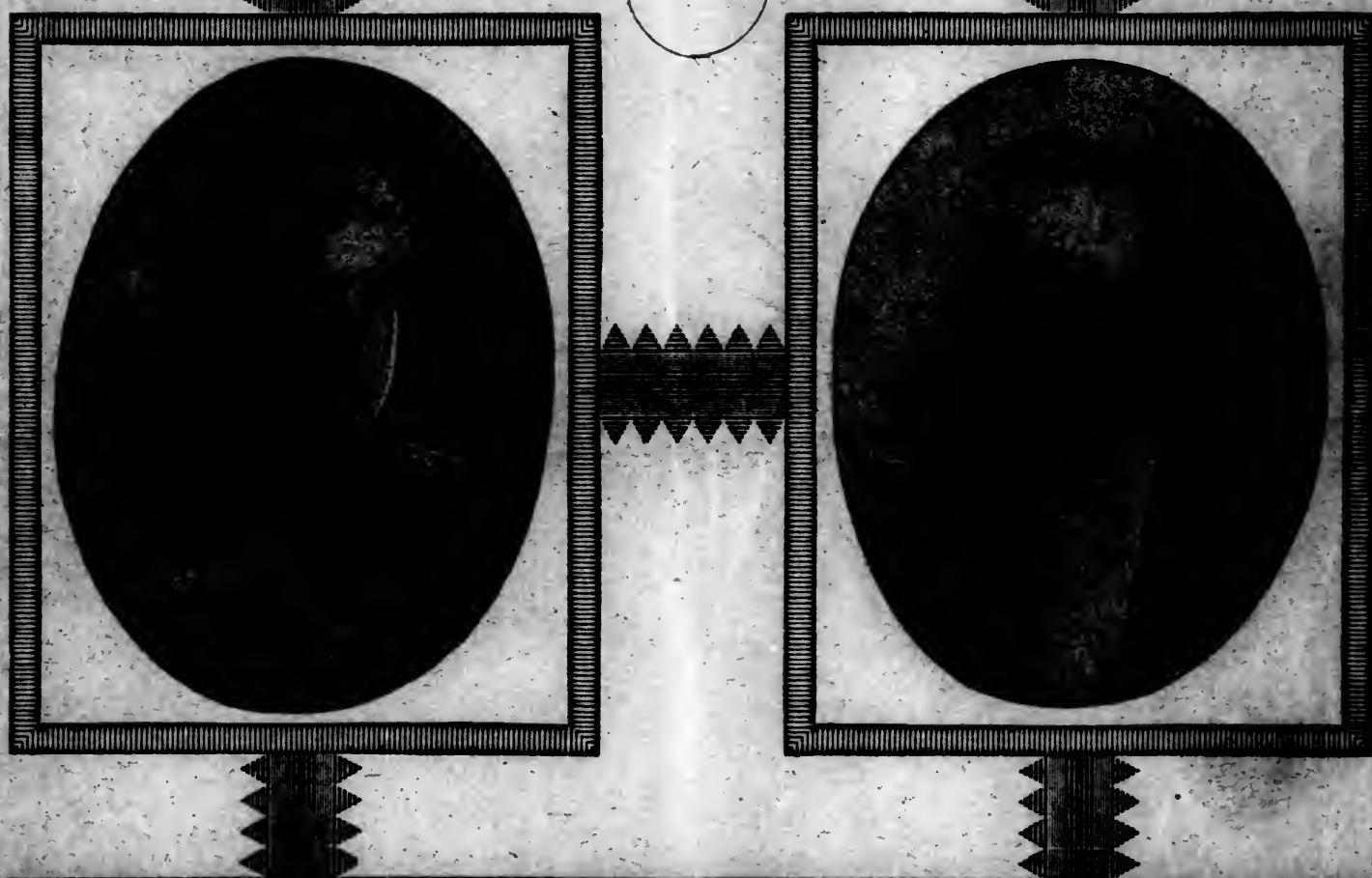


**THE SILVERS'**

**JUST SET A LIGHT**



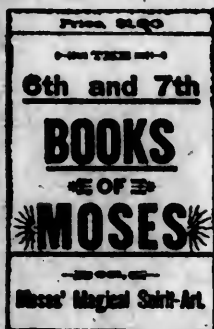
**SONGSTER**

**HENRY J. WEHMAN,**  
PUBLISHER,  
Park Row, NEW YORK.

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# Just Set a Light

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Words by Henry V. Neal. Music by Gusie L. Davis.

A little child on a sick bed lay,  
And to death seemed very near,  
Her parents' pride, and the only child  
Of a railroad engineer;  
His duty calls him from the one he loved,  
From this home, whose lights were dimmed,  
While tears he shed, to his wife he said,  
"I will leave two lanterns trimmed."

CHORUS.

"Just set a light when I pass to-night,  
Set it where it can be seen,  
If our darling's dead, then show the red,  
If she's better, show the green."

In that small house, by the railroad side,  
'Twas the mother's watchful eye  
Saw gleam of hope in the feeble smile,  
As the train went rushing by;  
Just one short look, 'twas his only chance,  
But the signal light was seen,  
On the midnight air there arose a prayer,  
"Thank the Lord, the light is green."—*Chorus.*

# Every Nigger Had a Lady BUT ME

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Words and music by Karl St. Clair. All rights reserved.

De coons gave a ball de other night,  
De wenches dat attended dey were dressed out of sight;  
Eb'ry nigger had on his very best,  
Wuz a-puttin' on a lot of lugs and tryin' to do de rest.  
Sports and gamblers made a great big bluff,  
Crooked crap shooters dat were lookin' for de stuff;  
Dere wuz many a funny sight to see,  
Eb'ry nigger dat was present had a lady but me.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
I stood dere a-glancin', while de others were a-dancin',  
And dey all seemed just as happy as could be;  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
Not a word to me dey spoke, and my heart it nearly broke,  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me.

Dat night I'll always remember well,  
I had my eyes located on a ginger-colored belle;  
I wuz captured completely by her charms,  
I cou'd feel myself a-waltzin' with dat sweet thing in my arms,  
Jes' den some one shouted through de hail,  
"Eb'rybody grab a gal and promenade all!"  
For dat lady den I grabbed right awav,  
But I nebber knew I missed her till de band began to play.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
I stood dere a-glancin', while de others were a-dancin',  
And dey all seemed just as happy as could be;  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
Not a word to me dey spoke, and my heart it nearly broke,  
Eb'ry nigger had a lady but me.

Along 'bout twelve a great big coon  
Got up and said dat supper would be ready very soon;  
Eb'ry couple began to fall in line,  
'Cause de niggers got a straight tip dat de grub wuz mighty fine;  
Coons and wenches laughin' nebber ceased,  
'Till de big procession started down to have de feast;  
I wuz ready, but strange it seemed to be,  
Eb'ry nigger went to supper with a lady but me.

CHORUS.

Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me;  
Eb'ry nigger went to supper but me;  
I stood dere a-smilin' 'till my blood began a-bilin',  
Until I got jes' as mad as I could be;  
Eb'ry nigger wuz a-laughin' at me,  
'Cause eb'ry nigger had a lady but me;  
But when I began to shoot, all de coons began to scoot,  
Den nobody had a lady but me.

# Sweet Bunch of Daisies

Copyright, 1894, by Anita Owen. All rights reserved.—Words and music by Anita Owen. The sheet music of this song will be sent to any address for 40 cents.

Sweet golden daisies, oh, how dear to me,  
Ever I hear them, whispering, love of thee,  
Murmuring softly, in a silent theme,  
Of love's bright morning, now one sad, sweet dream.

REFRAIN.

Sweet bunch of daisies, brought from the dell,  
Kiss me once, darling, daisies won't tell,  
Give me your promise, O sweetheart do;  
Darling, I love you, will you be true?

Sweet, withered daisies, treasured more than gold,  
Bring back to mem'ry those sweet days of old,  
When we together strolled through forests green,  
Gathering daisies growing by the stream.—*It's a*

# It Ain't No Lie

Copyright, 1897, by J. C. Greene & Co.—Words and music by Moran & Helf. The sheet music of this song will be sent to any address for 40 cents.

White folks say that the times are hard,  
But niggers never worry, trust in de Lord;  
Have no trouble, get a-plenty to eat,  
And for chicken dinner they a-can't be beat.  
I went last night to a chicken coop,  
Chickens roosted high, didn't have to stoop;  
No matter how hard the times may be,  
Chickens don't a-come too high for me.

REFRAIN.

I see a natural born reacher, I see a natural born reacher,  
I do love my chickens, it ain't no lie.

I took my babe to a ball one night,  
A coffee-colored nigger tried to start a fight;  
Says I, "See here, Johnson, don't you give me a call,  
'Cause if I see encouraged I will clean out this hall."  
"Do you mean," says Johnson, "that you'll clean out the place?"  
He called for soap and water, shoved a mop in ma face;  
When I got through a-scrubbing I was tired as could be,  
'Twas the cleanest old hall you ever did see.

REFRAIN.

I see a natural born cleaner, I see a natural born cleaner,  
Got the best of reference, it ain't no lie.

Went out the other night for to shoot some crap,  
Expected to win some money perhaps;  
Thought those coons would all have fits,  
When I proudly said I'd shoot six bits.  
"Come seven," I cried, but out rolled three,  
Said, "It's all up, gemmen, youse done cleaned me;"  
"What, cleaned already," says Liver Lip Jim,  
"Why, you wasn't very dirty when you first came in."

REFRAIN.

I see a natural born gambler, I see a natural born gambler,  
I must have been hoodood, it ain't no lie.

'Neath a great big tree with my babe I sat,  
Tree was loaded down with persimmons so fat;  
Had my arms around her, she was making goo goo eyes,  
And she says, "Do you hear how this tree moans and sighs?"  
I said to my babe, "Now, it's a very plain,  
If the tree moans and sighs it must be in pain;  
If you were as full of persimmons as that tree, Sue,  
Why it's dollars to doughnuts you'd be a moanin', too."

REFRAIN.

I see a natural born joker, I see a natural born joker,  
A regular Joe Miller, it ain't no lie.

Knew a man by the name of Freeze,  
Among the gals he was all the cheese;  
He was twice as frosty as his name,  
And he looked like the letter that never came.  
Alas! Poor Freeze got in a fight,  
Coons pulled their razors and carved him right;  
They parted his body from his breath somehow,  
And he cuts no ice where he is now.

REFRAIN.

He's a natural born freezer, he's a natural born freezer,  
He'll have hot doings, it ain't no lie.

Had a dream the other night,  
Dreamed I was climbing up the golden flight;  
Got a hustle on me, d'idn't want to be late,  
There sat St. Peter at the golden gate.  
"Hello, Pete!" I shook a-hands with him;  
I'm playing with the 'Creoles,' and I want to go in!"  
"Cuts no ice with a-whom you played,  
See the manager and have a-your card O K'd."

REFRAIN.

I see a natural born trouper, I see a natural born trouper,  
Done got a turn down, it ain't no lie.

Kept on a-dreaming the whole night through,  
'Cause I didn't get to heaven was a-feeli' blue;  
Found a bunch of money lyin' on the ground,  
Started over after Susan for to do the town.  
Came to cafe and I went in,  
Stepped to bar and I called for gin;  
Was just about to drink it, 'twas just my luck,  
I didn't get to taste it, for I done woke up.

REFRAIN.

I see a natural born dreamer, I see a natural born dreamer,  
Dream hard luck stories, it ain't no lie.

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# ROSE, SWEET ROSE

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Words by George Davison Sutton. Music by Mary Dowling Sutton.

All the sunshine is brighter, and my heart is lighter, I'll tell you why,  
I'm in love with the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest of maidens shy.  
Not a flower that grows is as dainty as Rose is, I've bought the ring,  
And every night in the twilight to her I sing,  
And every night in the twilight to her I sing:

CHORUS.

You are my own little fairy, oh, Rose, sweet Rose;  
Sometimes a trifle contrary, Rose, sweet Rose;  
Ah, but you're never airy, Rose, sweet Rose,  
Eyes that are bluest and heart that is truest, my Rose, sweet Rose.

In the summer when skies are as blue as her eyes are we'll wedded be,  
In the old church where often her glances would soften when turned on me.  
And at night when returning, with loving heart yearning, I'll sing this song,  
And she will listen for me all the glad day long,  
And she will listen for me all the glad day long.—Chorus.

# Della Lee, You're Fooling Me

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Words by Robert Robinson. Music by Chas. Robinson.

I've lost my heart, for I'm in love with a girl that I adore,  
She's all the hobby, she dresses so nobby, admires she has by the score;  
You couldn't help but love this girl, for she has such winning ways,  
And every time that I greet her, these words to her I sing:

CHORUS.

Della Lee, you're fooling me, now don't you think it's wrong?  
I love you dearly and sincerely, my love for you is strong;  
Why do you tarry, let's go and marry, happy both we will be,  
I'll get you a home and we'll live there alone, if you only marry me.  
Now, Della Lee, you can't fool me, for I know your roguish way,  
You're quite a jolly, but that's only folly, don't wait for a rainy day,  
But just say yes and I'll do the rest, to-morrow you'll have the ring,  
And after the wedding is over, no more these words I'll sing:—Chorus.

# THINKING OF THE DEAR ONES LEFT AT HOME

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Words and Music by Harry Howard.

'Twas just before the battle, a soldier stood alone,  
His eyes were fixed on something in his hand.  
'Twas but a little picture of the wife he loved at home,  
And their baby dear, the sweetest in the land.  
A tear-drop glistened in his eye, within his heart there lay  
A prayer to keep them safe where'er he'd roam;  
And when his comrades saw him thus, they'd whisper soft and say,  
"He's thinking of the dear ones left at home."

REFRAIN.

Thinking of the dear ones left at home,  
Thinking of the dear ones left at home,  
Thinking of the welcome sweet when again in peace they'd meet;  
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.

The battle's din was ended, the wounded and the dead  
Lay on the field bathed in the moon's pale light.  
Upon a comrade's knee the dying soldier laid his head,  
Until his soul should pass to scenes more bright.  
They tried with hope to cheer, as they spoke in whispers low;  
But far away his thoughts would seem to roam.  
They knew his heart so faithful, as his breath came faint and slow,  
Was breaking for the dear ones left at home.

REFRAIN.

Thinking of the dear ones left at home,  
Thinking of the dear ones left at home,  
Thinking of the welcome sweet, when in paradise they'd meet,  
Thinking of the dear ones left at home.

# I'M A GAY SOUBRETTE

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

On the poster's vaudeville, or the comic op'ra bill,  
You can always find my name, whenever you will.  
For I'm really quite the thing, I can dance and I can sing,  
They cannot do without me; if you dare to doubt me,  
You do not know about me, I'm such a gay soubrette.  
Every manager, I know, wants to book me for his show,  
And, of course, it's awkward when I must answer "no!"  
Anything is sure to go, for the public love me so;  
They really like me best if my songs are suggestive,  
With streaks of dancing festive, I'm such a gay soubrette.

CHORUS.

I'm a gay soubrette, you see, a darling, gay soubrette,  
All the Johnnies are in love with me, the baldheads declare I'm a pet,  
Though it cannot be denied that I'm a sad coquette;  
Still, of course, that's only natural, because I am a gay soubrette.

SPOKEN.—Some people think soubrettes are naughty—but such is not the case—any one with half an eye can see, by looking at me, that I'm an innocent, bashful little thing, with a modest, retiring disposition, and I can break any one's face who says I'm not, so there now!—Repeat Chorus.

I'm devoted to my art, and I study on my part  
Till I'm sure the critics cannot pull me apart;  
For, of course, it is the trick to be natural and "chic,"  
And so I nail my verses, for sure nothing worse is  
Than slips when one rehearses, if she's a gay soubrette.  
Every night I chance to play, some one sends me a bouquet,  
Really, I can't stop him if he will be a jay.  
And a little bid to dine, which, of course, implies the wine,  
For glasses gaily clinking, when good friends are drinking,  
Just suits the style of thinking of any gay soubrette.—Chorus.

SPOKEN (Usher presents bouquet with note attached).—[SOTTO VOICE.]—Who'd you say? that young man over there? Oh! isn't he just too sweet (opens note and reads it) [ALoud] That's all right, Johnny, at the stage door, and say, let's go to Del's, nothing I like better than a bottle and a cold bird.—Repeat Chorus.

# JACK, HOW I ENVY YOU

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Words and Music by Harry von Tilzer.

Two little lads, they had been friends  
Ever since childhood days,  
Until one day they met a fair maid,  
An angel with charming ways.  
Both fell in love, each tried to win  
This little maiden fair,  
But sad was the day when to Tom she did say  
Words that sent him away in despair.  
Time rolled along, Jack won her hand,  
Thus does the story run.  
Until one fine day, in the middle of May,  
At the altar these two were made one,  
A short honeymoon, they returned soon,  
Jack met poor Tom one day.  
Come, brace up, lad, why look so sad,  
Then Tom unto Jack did say:

CHORUS.

Jack, how I envy you; I envy you, Jack, yes I do;  
You have won her fair and square, I hope that she'll always be true;  
I wish you luck, old pal,  
Here is my hand on it, too;  
I am not mad 'cause she loved you, my lad,  
But I envy you, Jack, yes I do.

Happy were they, Jack and his wife,  
Until one fatal day.  
Sickness came 'long, and though Jack was strong,  
It took his young life away.  
Wife at the grave, how she did rave,  
She knew not what to do,  
Then Tom comes along, and, in voice clear and strong,  
Says, Sweetheart, my own, I'll marry you.  
Years have rolled by since they were wed,  
They now have children four.  
Babe cries at night, mamma and papa fight,  
And papa has to sleep on the floor;  
Tom now looks back, thinks of poor Jack,  
Passing his grave each day.  
Stops with a sigh, tear-bedimmed eye,  
And these few words he will say:

CHORUS.

Jack, how I envy you; I envy you, Jack, yes I do.  
You are past all trouble now glad! I'd change place with you;  
How happy you must be,  
I once was happy, too,  
You're far away, I'll be with you some day,  
For I envy you, Jack, yes I do.

Don't fail to buy a copy of the great Popular Song, by the Author of "Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell," "Just the Same," Etc.

# "PICTURES FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE."

Words and Music by CHAS E. BAER.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.  
CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

'Tis a pic-ture from life's oth - er side,..... Some one who fell by the way,..... A

life has gone out with the tide,..... That may have been hap - py one day,.....

Some poor old moth-er at home,..... Watch-ing and wait-ing a - lone,.....

Long-ing to hear from the lov'd ones so dear, 'Tis a pict - ure from life's oth-er side..... D.C.

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108 Park Row, New York.

# The Cuban Hero.

Copyright, 1896, by Thomas J. O'Donohue and R. T. Parks. Words by Thomas J. O'Donohue. Music by Richard L. Weaver.

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While standing in the moonlight, my gallant love and I,  
He told me that he loved me, and then he said good-bye;  
He left our glorious country to free the one oppressed,  
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty I pinned upon his breast.

CHORUS.

My love in the battle fell, fighting for liberty,  
He joined the Cuban heroes to set their country free;  
He blessed me in the moonlight before he joined the rest,  
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty I pinned upon his breast.

While fighting with the Spaniards he was always in the fore,  
My lover was the hero in battles o'er and o'er;  
'Twas there the gallant hero of great athletic fame,  
Gave up his life for freedom—shall heroes die in vain?

A dozen bullets pierced him, his life's blood ebbed away,  
I know I love you, darling, were the last words he did say;  
In distant lands of sunshine they've laid my love to rest,  
And the Stars and Stripes of Liberty repose on his breast.

# I DON'T LOVE NOBODY

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Born down in Kentucky, lived there all my life,  
I've been very lucky, never had a wife;  
Mighty near it Sunday, asked a coon to wed,  
Met that lady Monday, and this is what she said:

CHORUS.

I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me,  
You're after my money, don't care for me;  
I'm gwine to live single, always a be free,  
I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me.

Went out promenading down on Thompson Street,  
Met a colored lady, smiled on her so sweet;  
Said, ah there, my honey, thought I had her dead,  
When I tried to kiss her, why, this is what she said:

CHORUS.

I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me,  
You're after my money, don't care for me;  
I'm gwine to live single, always a be free,  
I don't love a nobody, nobody loves me.

# WHEN MISS MARIA JOHNSON MARRIES ME

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There's a gal 'way down in Richmond by the name of Ria Johnson,  
She's a hot-stuff culled lady, and she ranks among the 'tones;  
There's been sev'ral cullud gemmen who's been suing for her hand,  
For she's such a lubly creature that they cannot her withstand,  
But now down in Coon Hollow there is moaning, don't you see,  
For I proposed to Miss Maria and she's accepted me.

CHORUS.

Miss Maria Johnson's gwine to marry me,  
Twelfth of next November the wedding gwine to be;  
Coons have been invited 'way from Georgia, just to see  
Miss Maria Johnson when she marries me.  
The time ain't long, the time ain't long  
When this great event is gwine to happen, don't you see;  
The time ain't long, the time ain't long  
'Till Miss Maria marries me.

It will be the swellest wedding ever held in Dixie land,  
As all the colored population will be present to a man;  
She is gwine to have twelve bridesmaids just to strew the flowers 'round,  
We will hire forty carriages, the swellest to be found,  
To be there at the church when I drive up with my bride,  
For next day all de papers gwine to tell it far and wide.

CHORUS.

Miss Maria Johnson's gwine to marry me,  
Twelfth of next November the wedding gwine to be;  
Coons have been invited 'way from Georgia, just to see  
Miss Maria Johnson when she marries me.  
The time ain't long, the time ain't long  
When this great event is gwine to happen, don't you see;  
The time ain't long, the time ain't long  
'Till Miss Maria marries me.

# Everything Comes to Him Who Waits

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The good things of this world will come, let every one have patience;  
For instance, look at brother Bill, who looks for work all day,  
While looking for a job one day a chimney fell upon him,  
And as they dug him from the ruins, somebody heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Ev'rything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;  
If I wasn't here when the chimney fell, it might have dropped on you;  
I look broke up, and I feel it too, I'm in the sorest straits,  
But now I am sure that everything comes to him who waits.

While looking at a fight one day between two big 'longshoremen,  
Dear brother Billy interfered, to make them friends again,  
But suddenly they turned on Bill, and gave him a good pounding,  
And when they had him nearly dead, Bill sang this sad refrain:

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;  
When I interfered, for to make them friends, they kicked me black and blue.  
Since Bill got whipped by those two big men, all big men Billy hates,  
And now he is sure that everything comes to him who waits.

Dear Billy had a girl named Nell, she was a reg'lar corker;  
He loved her to his heart's content whenever he got a show;  
One night she told him to look out, for her "old man" was coming,  
And suddenly the "old man" came and helped dear Willie go.

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;  
Our Willie has given up seeing Nell on account of papa's shoe;  
He wanted Nell for to be his wife, but waited till 'twas late,  
And now he is sure that everything comes to him who waits.

One day dear Willie grabbed a watch and quickly got to running  
The man who lost the watch did yell, "My time it flies away;  
A fat policeman on the corner saw dear Willie coming,  
And as he landed in his arms somebody heard him say:

CHORUS.

"Everything comes to him who waits," is a saying old and true;  
If I wasn't here for to catch this man, what would the people do?  
Oh, now I'll be made a captain, sure I'm great among my mates,  
And now I'm sure that everything comes to him who waits.



Be sure to order a copy from your Music Dealer of the great  
Descriptive Song

# "LET ME TAKE MY PLACE AT HOME AGAIN."

Composed by CHAS. V. LONG.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.  
CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

Let me take my place at home a - gain, . . . . .

Back a-mong the dearest friends of all ; . . . . . Back to mother's fond ca-ress,

And your old age I will bless, Then let me take my place at home a - gain. . . . . D.C.

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Park Row, New York.

# Dora Dean

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Words and Music by Bert A. Williams.

'Way down in Louisiana, dat's where ole Sister Hannah  
Bakes the cracklin' bread upon the coals;  
With her daughter Dora Dean, who is my dearest queen—  
Oh! I tell you, boys, she is a lump of gold.  
She goes to church on Sunday, you'll find her home on Monday,  
Helping all the folks the house to clean;  
Their home it looks so neat, you'll find it hard to beat,  
The way it's kept by Dora Dean.

CHORUS.

Oh! have you ever seen my Dora Dean,  
She is the sweetest gal you ever seen;  
I'm gwine to make this gal, sweet Dora, queen—  
Next Sunday morn' I'm gwine to marry sweet Dora Dean.

While down with Sister Holly, we all did feel so jolly,  
Each one tried to cut a pigeon wing;  
When up jumped Dora Dean, who said, "I am the queen;  
I can beat you in a dance for anything."  
That just suited ole Aunt Dinah, who sang a tune in minor,  
Thinking that she could the music make,  
So we started in to test, to see who was the best,  
And Dora walked off with the cake.—Chorus.

## Plain Little Every-Day Girl

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

My steady girl is not the kind they sing about nowadays,  
With eyes of blue and golden hair that poets love to praise;  
She's not as pretty as a picture hanging on the wall,  
For if she was, I'd really have no love for her at all.

REFRAIN.

My girl is a plain girl, my girl isn't proud,  
She's just what you'd call a fair looking girl, a girl that would pass in a crowd;  
She's not an angel from heaven, she'd not set your brain in a whirl;  
She's a good, bright, all right, plain little every-day girl.

She's just the kind of girl to make you happy all the while;  
She never makes you jealous, for on others she won't smile;  
A little dear, good, home-girl of the sort you read about,  
And that's the reason, all the time, her praises I must shout.—Refrain.

She's pure gold, eighteen carat, and that's good enough for me;  
She never puts on any airs like other girls you see;  
Her heart she gave me long ago, and I have bought the ring,  
And when I place it on her finger you will hear me sing.—Refrain.

## ON THE MALL IN CENTRAL PARK

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Words by M. Maurice. Music by Ed. Treumann.

Ev'ry pleasant afternoon, on the day of rest,  
Husbands, wives and sweethearts, dressed up in their best,  
All go out a-strolling for a quiet lark,  
And listen to the music on the mall in Central Park.

CHORUS.

Old and young, rich and poor, hearts that swell with pride,  
While the band is playing, strolling side by side;  
When the sun has gone to rest and it's just growing dark,  
Then cupid shoots his arrow on the mall in Central Park.

See the loving couples sit 'neath some shady tree,  
Talking o'er the future, happy as can be;  
The grand tones of the music awaken'ning love's first spark,  
They plight their troth forever on the mall in Central Park.—Chorus.

# THERE'S A GIRL IN THE WORLD FOR US ALL

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Words and Music by W. O. Davies.

Two friends quarrelled one day  
About a young girl called Mary;  
Tom loved her dearly and Jack did the same,  
But he was a little contrary;  
Mary told Tom that she loved him the best,  
And promised that she'd be his wife;  
When Jack heard of this, in a passion he flew,  
Said: "Our friendship, Tom, ceases for life!"

REFRAIN.

"Don't be angry with me, Jack,  
Because I have won Mary;  
Come, let us be friends again;  
Don't be so contrary;  
You tried to win her, I know;  
She loved me best, after all;  
Shake hands and be friends, and remember," said Tom,  
"There's a girl in the world for us all."

Said Jack: "I'll go away  
Since you've won the heart of Mary."  
"Don't go away, Jack, for I'm still your friend;  
Why are you so awful contrary;  
Soon little Mary and I will be wed  
In the church that stands over the way;  
Now promise me, Jack, that my friend still you'll be."  
Tom then held out his hand and did say:—Refrain.

## Pictures from Life's Other Side

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Words and Music by Charles E. Baer.

In the world's mighty gallery of pictures  
Hang the scenes that are painted from life;  
The picture of love and of passion,  
The picture of peace and of strife;  
The picture of youth and of beauty,  
Old age and the blushing young bride,  
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of all  
Are the pictures from life's other side.

CHORUS.

'Tis a picture from life's other side,  
Some one who fell by the way,  
A life has gone out with the tide  
That may have been happy one day.  
Some poor old mother at home,  
Watching and waiting alone,  
Longing to hear from the loved ones so dear,  
'Tis a picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler,  
Who has lost all his money at play,  
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger,  
She wore on her wedding day;  
His last earthly treasure he stakes it,  
Bows his head, that his shame he may hide.  
When they lifted his head they found he was dead,  
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—Chorus.

The next tells a tale of two brothers,  
Whose paths in life different ways led;  
The one was in luxury living,  
The other one begged for his bread;  
One dark night they met on the highway,  
"Your money or life!" the thief cried,  
And he took with his knife his own brother's life,  
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—Chorus.

The last is a scene by the river,  
Of a heart-broken mother and babe,  
'Neath the harbor-lights' glare stands and shivers  
An outcast whom no one will save;  
And yet she was once a true woman,  
She was somebody's darling and pride.  
God help her, she leaps, there is none to weep,  
'Tis a picture from life's other side.—Chorus.

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"Only an Actor's Child," etc.

# "BACK TO THE ONLY GIRL I LOVE."

Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

CHORUS. *Alla Valce.*

Back to the on - ly girl I love, Back to the one I think most of;

Hap - py I'd be if I on - ly could see My dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle loved one.

E - ven the stars all seem to say, There'll come a time not far a - way, So

be of light heart, tho' now far a - part, She'll take you back some day.

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# One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin.

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'Tis night, the scene's a blood-stained battle field,  
A truce 'till morning seek the deadly foes;  
The rival armies fought, but none would yield,  
The weary soldiers crave a brief repose;  
Ah, many a gallant heart in death is stilled,  
And many a comrade mourns a comrade dear;  
With dreams of glory ev'ry soldier's thrilled,  
Tho' death is nigh, no thought have they of fear.

## CHORUS.

Crouching 'round the camp fires, in the ruddy glow,  
While the watchful sentries pace there to and fro;  
Waiting for the morning, then to face the foe,  
Eager all, a hero's name to win;  
"We've been good old chums, Jack, naught could part us two,  
If my time has come, Jack, and if spared are you,  
Tell the little girl I love, I was ever true,"  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

'Tis Christmas Eve, the joyous bells ring out,  
They seem to say, "Good will and peace to all;"  
The village sleeps, nor heeds the royster's shout,  
And silence reigns there in the rich man's hall;  
But see! a burglar piles his lawless trade,  
With muffled feet and eager, watchful eyes,  
On plunder bent, of capture not afraid,  
He grimly whispers, "He who'd cross me, dies."

## CHORUS.

Creeping there so stealthy in the silent gloom,  
Searching for his plunder all around the room,  
"I'll stop not at murder, though death be my doom,"  
Desperate is his heart and steeped in sin;  
Hark! a tiny voice there, "Take me on your knee!  
Are you Santa Claus? please, no toys can I see!"  
"Good-night, little darling one, kiss me, pray for me!"  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Before the Judge defiantly she stands,  
Poor outcast drifting on the sea of life;  
The drink fiend holds her as in iron bands,  
Too helpless she to struggle in the strife;  
But slowly, surely drifting, sinking down,  
And yet she once was some poor mother's pride;  
Now reckless there nor heeds the Judge's frown,  
Poor Magdalen, far better she had died.

## CHORUS.

I was once so pure, sir, innocent and young,  
Till the tempter came, sir, with his lying tongue,  
What cared he though my heart was with anguish wrung,  
Though I drifted in the path of sin;  
In the village church I used to kneel in prayer,  
Would you know the name of him who laid the snare?  
You were my betrayer, sir, judge me, if you dare,  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

# FROM PRISON TO MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Copyright, 1897, by National Music Co. All rights reserved. Words by H. T. Pace. Music by Margaret Adele Moore. Words and music, price, 40c.

A mother was lying at death's cold door,  
And pleading to see her boy,  
Who had been led astray in spite of her prayers,  
Life's pleasures for her to destroy;  
Please go and throw open that large steel door,  
Cast his shackles all down on the floor;  
Oh, grant this request, ere mine eyes close in death,  
Let me hear his sweet voice just once more.

## CHORUS.

From a prison to his mother's grave they allowed that convict to go,  
'Twas in answer to his mother's prayers, because she loved him so; (brow  
His only sister, with broken heart, rained kisses on her poor brother's  
Mother and brother both taken away, how lonely 'twill be for her now.

The boy whom she loved was serving his time  
For killing his dearest friend;  
And his mother from grief was passing away,  
Yet prayed for her boy to the end;  
Kind friends being moved when they heard her last words,  
To the Governor promised to go;  
They did and his answer came quick as a flash,  
To her pleadings I cannot say no.

## CHORUS.

From a prison to his mother's grave they allow that convict to go,  
'Twas in answer to his mother's prayers, because she loved him so; (brow  
His only sister, with broken heart, rained kisses on her poor brother's  
Mother and brother both taken away, how lonely 'twill be for her now.

# My Little Sweetheart Kate.

Copyright, 1897, by E. A. Parnum. All rights reserved. Words by W. E. Murray. Music by J. H. Parnum. Words and music, price, 40c.

When I was but a little boy I met a maiden fair,  
With pretty eyes of sunny blue and flowing flaxen hair;  
And when we journeyed home from school I'd linger by the gate,  
And she would promise me to be my sweetheart if I'd wait.

## REFRAIN.

My little sweetheart Kate, my little sweetheart Kate,  
Cheerful and pretty, winsome and witty, charming and not too sedate;  
My little sweetheart Kate, with her I'd link my fate, [Kate,  
I haven't much money, yet life will be sunny, with my little sweetheart

The sunny years soon glided by and Kate had reach'd nineteen,  
While I a trifle more than twenty-three years bright had seen;  
And one night while I held her hand Kate said she'd be my mate,  
So evermore I will adore my little sweetheart Kate.

## REFRAIN.

My little sweetheart Kate, my little sweetheart Kate,  
Cheerful and pretty, winsome and witty, charming and not too sedate;  
My little sweetheart Kate, with her I'd link my fate, [Kate,  
I haven't much money, yet life will be sunny, with my little sweetheart

# MALONEY'S LEG

Copyright, 1897, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. All rights reserved. Words and music by Joe. M. Sparks and Francis Bryant. Words and music, price, 40c.

Dan Maloney from a building fell, and as the doctor said,  
Six inches short, his right leg was, when Dan got out of bed;  
When Maloney he was sober, he could walk like you or me;  
But Dan he loved his whiskey, and went often on a spree;  
And when he had his jag with him he was an awful sight,  
For when he wanted to turn left, the short leg steered him right;  
Maloney weighed three hundred pounds, all muscle, fat and bone,  
When he was full it took a horse and dray to bring him home.

## CHORUS.

This is the way Maloney went when he was on a spree,  
His leg was short, his back was bent, he was a sight to see;  
I'd prop myself agin him, and I'd shove with all me might,  
It wasn't a bit of use at all, the leg would

Carry him right,

Carry him right,

Carry him right!

Last St. Patrick's Day, while waiting for a hack to bring him home,  
I had to hold Maloney up, he couldn't stand alone;  
When a bright idea it struck me, and a brick by chance I found,  
I quickly placed the brick between Dan's short leg and the ground;  
It balanced him exactly, and I told him not to speak,  
While I went off to get a hack, a bootblack made a sneak  
Up to where Dan Maloney stood, and then the rascal cute,  
He kicked the brick from underneath poor Dan Maloney's foot.—*Cho.*

"Turn to the left," a dago cried to Dan when full one night,  
In spite of all that Dan could do the short leg turned him right;  
Three hundred pounds of human weight in a moment fell and crashed  
Italian, Dan, banana stand, lay in the gutter smashed.  
Before Judge Duffy they were brought next day at early morn,  
'Twas all Dan's fault, the dago swore, that Dan was going wrong;  
The Judge he put his glasses on, his eyes they twinkled bright,  
"Maloney is discharged," said he, for Dan was going right.—*Cho.*

Ask your music dealer to show you a piano copy of this beautiful song,  
by the author of "She was not to blame."

# "I NEVER LOVED UNTIL I MET YOU."

Words and Music by **SAMUEL H. SPECK.**

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

**CHORUS.**

*Tempo di Valse. Lento.*

I nev - er loved un - til I met you,....

I nev - er thought a heart could be so true,.....

Noth - - ing can come be - tween my love and my heart's queen,

I nev - er loved un - til I met you, A - - del - - - ine.....

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# A PICTURE OF MY BEST GIRL.

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Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

In a hotel on Fifth Avenue a crowd of travelling men,  
Were talking on the topics of the day,  
Comparing notes and photographs of different girls they'd met,  
Some were pretty, some were homely, some were gay.  
By chance there fell upon the floor the picture of a girl,  
The owner tried to hide it, but was slow;  
"Ah, there, old chap, I've caught you, come now, tell us who it is,  
We insist!"—"If you insist, I can't say no."

#### CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys I love her dearly,  
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerely;  
I know that she's fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,  
It's my daughter, and I've taught her, to always be my best girl.

A little newsboy standing near them took in ev'ry word,  
And speaking up said, "Buy a paper, do;  
If you will, I'll show you my best girl, now what say you to that?"  
They all agreed, and then he brought to view  
A photograph all faded, of a woman old and worn;  
Who in her time was handsome, that was plain,  
"She's not so young nor half so well as yours," the lad replied,  
And then he softly sang this sweet refrain:

#### CHORUS.

It's a picture of my best girl, and boys, I love her dearly,  
A gem is my precious pearl, who watches for me so sincerely,  
I know that she's fond and true, we are sweethearts, now you can see clearly,  
It's my mother, I've no other, and she'll always be my best girl.

# It Was Not Down on the Program.

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The theatre was crowded in a quiet country town,  
The bills announced a singer would appear of great renown;  
The people thought they'd hear selections classical and grand,  
But hoped it would be something country folks would understand;  
The singer stepp'd upon the stage with dignity and grace,  
And there, amongst the audience she beheld her father's face;  
"Twas her native town, and to her mind sweet memories would throng,  
As, with voice inspired, she sang her dear old mother's favorite song:

#### CHORUS.

It was not down on the program, she knew her dad was there,  
She sang the song her mother loved in tones so rich and rare,  
And it set his mind a-thinking of the days he used to know,  
It was not down on the program, that sweet song of long ago.

#### REFRAIN.

"My Old Kentucky Home."

Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more to-day,  
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,  
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

One moment's breathless silence came, the singer's voice had ceased,  
The flood of their emotions from her audience was released;  
The cheers that shook the building was a tribute far more dear  
Than compliments of crowned heads to the singer standing there.  
Her daddy's eyes were dim, but still it made his heart rejoice,  
To hear the well-known songs again, to hear his daughter's voice,  
And when she sat beside him in the old home once again,  
Then she sang for him alone her mother's favorite refrain:—Refrain.

# He Fought for the Cause He Thought Was Right.

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I saw an old grave yesterday, not many miles away,  
It took me back for over thirty years;  
And mem'ry brought to mind an empty cot, a mother, too,  
And knelt beside it musing pray'rs with tears.  
Above the spot where her boy sleeps there stands a wooden cross,  
Which bears a sentence worded in this way,  
"Pray judge him not because he fought for what he thought was right,  
A hero though he wore a suit of gray."

#### CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,  
Far, far from home and friends to-night,  
Be he what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,  
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

Allow your thoughts to wander back to "sixty-one" and "five,"  
To war and all its heartaches we will turn,  
Just picture to yourself a mother, tot'ring, old and gray,  
And waiting for her boy who'll ne'er return;  
A thousand miles away from her he's sleeping all alone,  
The skies have out their sentinels each night,  
While passing bare your head in honor of the hero bold,  
Because he fought for what he thought was right.

#### CHORUS.

He sleeps beneath an old oak tree,  
Far, far from home and friends to-night,  
Be what he may, oh, judge him not, I pray,  
He fought for the cause he thought was right.

# All Coons Look Alike to Me

Parody—Written by Harry Barnes.

Talk about your Irishmen having trouble,  
I think Pat Murphy has enough of his own,  
He dropped into a beer saloon one evening,  
And two hours after they had to carry him home.  
Oh, his poor wife Bridget needed him very badly,  
Because she swallowed a toothpick with a glass of beer,  
And when she saw how they had to carry Pat Murphy,  
These words she yelled in his ear—

#### CHORUS.

All Irishmen look alike to me, you ain't the only one that's here,  
Johnny Casey and Mike McGee, all those fellows are stuck on me;  
So if you spend your money so free, on that whiskey and not on me,  
I won't love you nohow, all Irishmen look alike to me.

When Pat Murphy had listened to what his wife had told him,  
And after she had hit him in the face with a stale loaf of bread,  
He jumped up and grabbed a big fat roll-pin,  
And then he threw that roll-pin at her head.  
But she dodged and the roll-pin smashed a fancy window,  
And the owner wanted Pat Murphy to pay;  
He couldn't, and while they were leading him to the station,  
These words to him his wife did say—

#### CHORUS.

All Irishmen look alike to me, you ain't the only one that's here,  
Johnny Casey and Mike McGee, all those fellows are stuck on me,  
So if you spend your money so free, on that whiskey and not on me,  
I won't love you nohow, all Irishmen look alike to me.

# SONGS

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- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| 211 Will you love me when I'm old?          | 281 Our good ship sails to-night               | 351 Take it in                            |
| 212 Donnelly and Cooper                     | 282 Jersey Sam                                 | 352 Stokes' verdict (Jim Fisk song)       |
| 213 Gathering shells by the seashore        | 283 Come home, father                          | 353 Lardy dah                             |
| 214 Little Rosebud                          | 284 Little Maggie May                          | 354 De golden wedding                     |
| 215 By the sad sea waves                    | 285 Cackle, cackle, cackle                     | 355 My mother-in-law                      |
| 216 Come into the garden, Maud              | 286 Molly Bawn                                 | 356 What should make thee sad, my darling |
| 217 Harp and shamrock of Erin               | 287 Maid of Athens                             | 357 Dear Italian girl                     |
| 218 Where there's a will there's a way      | 288 Sallie in our alley                        | 358 Banks of Brandywine                   |
| 219 God bless my boy at sea                 | 289 I'm sitting on the stile, Mary             | 359 Old, and only in the way              |
| 220 Auntie Laurie                           | 290 Poor old Ned                               | 360 Six feet of earth                     |
| 221 Mac's and the O's                       | 291 Dorkins' night                             | 361 Write a letter to my mother           |
| 222 Sherman's march to the sea              | 292 Man in the moon is looking, love           | 362 Yellow rose of Texas                  |
| 223 Lamentation of James Rodgers            | 293 When the flowing tide comes in             | 363 When my ship comes in                 |
| 224 Come, birdie, come                      | 294 Don't give up the old friends for the new  | 364 One pound two                         |
| 225 Now I lay me down to sleep              | 295 Broken down                                | 365 We have met, loved and parted         |
| 226 Ever of thee                            | 296 Marriage bells                             | 366 Bummer's hotel                        |
| 227 Nora McShane                            | 297 Have I not been kind to thee               | 367 I'm getting a big boy now             |
| 228 Love among the roses                    | 298 Flowers will come in May                   | 368 I shall never be happy again          |
| 229 Shamus O'Brien— <i>Recitation</i>       | 299 Awfully clever                             | 369 Soldier's farewell                    |
| 230 Der Deltcher gal                        | 300 My little one's waiting for me             | 370 Old kitchen floor                     |
| 231 No Irish need apply                     | 301 I'll go back to my old love again          | 371 Sweet Belle Mahone                    |
| 232 Old arm chair                           | 302 Butcher boy                                | 372 My dear Savannah home                 |
| 233 Tim Flaherty                            | 303 There's somebody waiting for me            | 373 Billy Barlow                          |
| 234 We sat by the river you and I           | 304 Are you there, Moriarity?                  | 374 Wild Irish Boy                        |
| 235 I love music                            | 305 I've gwine back to Dixie                   | 375 Dwendy-seven cents                    |
| 236 Sweet Genevieve                         | 306 Bidalia Jane McCann                        | 376 A starry night for a ramble           |
| 237 When the flowers fall asleep            | 307 Isle de Blackwell                          | 377 Locked out after nine                 |
| 238 Patrick Sheehan                         | 308 Where are the friends of my youth?         | 378 Whip-poor-will's song                 |
| 239 Sailor's grave                          | 309 Stinging on the roof                       | 379 Day when you'll forget me             |
| 240 Pretty maid milking her cow             | 310 Five-cent shave                            | 380 You'll miss me when I'm gone          |
| 241 Kentucky rose                           | 311 Hen convention                             | 381 Son of a gambolier                    |
| 242 Farmer's daughter                       | 312 Red, white and blue                        | 382 Golden stair                          |
| 243 Oh, dem golden-slippers                 | 313 Old oaken bucket                           | 383 Your little Liza loves you            |
| 244 In the morning by the bright light      | 314 Little sweetheart, come and kiss me        | 384 American boy                          |
| 245 Nobody's darling                        | 315 My dream of love is o'er                   | 385 You get more like your dad every day  |
| 246 Poor, but a gentleman still             | 316 They all do it                             | 386 Barney McCoy                          |
| 247 Somebody's mother— <i>Recitation</i> .  | 317 Old home ain't what it used to be          | 387 Razors in the air                     |
| 248 Birdie, darling                         | 318 Wait till the moonlight falls on the water | 388 Sallie Horner                         |
| 249 Nobody's darling but mine               | 319 Linger not, darling                        | 389 Willie Reilly                         |
| 250 Rock me to sleep, mother                | 320 'Tis evening brings my heart to thee       | 390 Sweet Aileen                          |
| 251 Put my little shoes away                | 321 American National Guard                    | 391 Old sexton                            |
| 252 Darling Nelly Gray                      | 322 Johnny's so bashful                        | 392 Pull down the blind                   |
| 253 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops     | 323 Daisy Deane                                | 393 Do they think of me at home?          |
| 254 I left Ireland and mother because we    | 324 I wish mamma was here                      | 394 Tell me where my Eva's gone           |
| 255 Little brown jug                        | 325 Pulling hard against the stream            | 395 Barbara Allan                         |
| 256 Ben Bolt                                | 326 Dancing in the sunlight                    | 396 The 'longshoremen's strike            |
| 257 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye          | 327 What is it?                                | 397 Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of      |
| 258 Erin is my home                         | 328 There never was a coward where the         | 398 Bathing song                          |
| 259 Katty Avourneen                         | 329 Love letters                               | [Dundee]                                  |
| 260 Sadie Ray                               | 330 Della Clancy                               | 399 Carrie Lee                            |
| 261 Bard of Armagh                          | 331 Remember that the poor tramp has to        | 400 One wide river to cross               |
| 262 Hush, my darlings, do not weep          | 332 Lamentation of Johnny Reel                 | 401 Moon is out to-night, love            |
| 263 Patrick's day parade                    | 333 Roll on, silver moon                       | 402 Devil's in New Jersey                 |
| 264 Poor Pat must emigrate                  | 334 When McGuinness gets a job                 | 403 Rambler from Clare                    |
| 265 Speak to me, speak                      | 335 Give an honest Irish lad a chance          | 404 Pretty little blue-eyed stranger      |
| 266 Darling, I will come again              | 336 Down among the daisies                     | 405 Faded flowers                         |
| 267 Bright-eyed little Nell of Narragansett | 337 Down by the old mill stream                | 406 Dark-eyed sailor                      |
| 268 Hail Columbia                           | 338 Answer to "The gipsy's warning"            | 407 Rose of Killarney                     |
| 269 Little footsteps                        | 339 Battle cry of freedom                      | 408 Cot in the corner                     |
| 270 Tim Finnegan's wake                     | 340 Home rule for Ireland                      | 409 Boys, keep away from the girls        |
| 271 McDonnell's old tin roof                | 341 Riding on the elevated railroad            | 410 Phantom footsteps                     |
| 272 Scotch lassie, Jean                     | 342 When McCormick rules the State             | 411 Bonny bunch of roses                  |
| 273 Hat me father wore                      | 343 Sweet chiming bells                        | 412 Pat Roach at the play                 |
| 274 Banks of sweet Dundee                   | 344 Levi Kassiday                              | 413 Doran's ass                           |
| 275 I've only been down to the club         | 345 I want to see the cotton fields            | 414 Banks of Claudy                       |
| 276 Dance me on your knee                   | 346 Waltz with me                              | 415 What are the wild waves saying?       |
| 277 Kiss me again                           | 347 Meet me by moonlight alone                 | 416 Her front name is Hannar              |
| 278 Emmet's "Love of the shamrock"          | 348 Do they miss me at home?                   | 417 Sweet Evelina                         |
| 279 Vacant chair                            | 349 Lather and shave                           | 418 Behind the scenes                     |
| 280 Sweet sunny South                       | 350 Happy be thy dreams                        | 419 Gospel raft                           |
|   |  | 420 Don't put the poor workingman down    |



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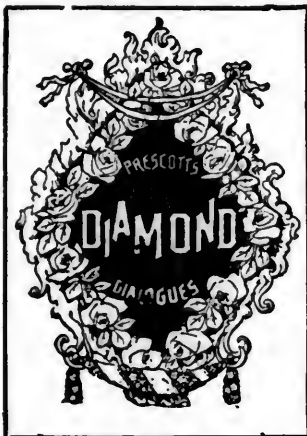


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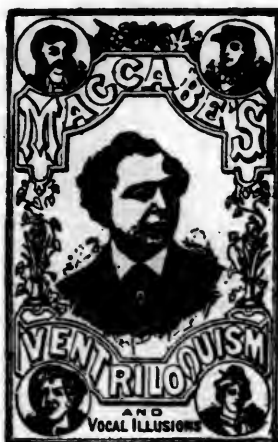
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